

[Avery N. Barrow]

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Gauthier. Sheldon F

Rangelore.

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Avery. N Barrow, 77, living at 3011 E, Runnels St. Fort Worth, Texas, was born Mar 1st, 1860, in Jasper Co. Texas.

His parents moved to Beaumont, Texas, while Avery was an infant and there his was reared. His father operated a ferryboat, running out of Beaumont on the Sabine River. The son, during his childhood, come in contact with cattlemen who patronized his father's ferry and he developed a desire to engage in work that was connected with horsemanship.

He enjoyed riding horses and at the age of 16 was a good rider. He secured work with the "Tonk" Baker horse ranch which was located in McLennan Co, where he remained for five years. After leaving the Baker ranch he went to Shakelford Co. and worked on the Hardy Roberts horse ranch. After two years on the Robersts ranch he retunred to McLennan Co. and worked for the McDermott cattle ranch where he spent one year and then worked for the [?] horse ranch at which place he ended his ranch career.

His story of range life follows:

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"I reckon that I am an old timer, I was born in Jasper Co, Texas, on the 1st day of Mar, 1965. I have lived in Texas all my life and the early part of it, after I was 16 years old, I earned my chuck and bunk on the range.

"The year following my birth, my folks moved to Beaumont, Texas, my father operated a ferryboat on the Sabine River. There were a lot of cow and hoss outfits in that country then and I naturally seen lots of the critters and cowhands. The work appeale to ne end I would go without a meal rather then miss a chance to straddle a hoss.

"When I reached the age of 16, I calculated that I had all the schooling I could ever use and pestered my folks into allowing me to quit school and become a cowhand and they finally told me to go end get my fill of the life.

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"I was a good rider then, because I had tackled everything I could get a chance at. Handling hosses came natural to me and a hoss ranch was the kind of a outfit I hankerd for. I hit out for what use to be calculated as the biggest hoss ranch in the country them days. It was the "Tonk" Baker outfit, I dont know what his proper first name was, but everybody called the ramrod "Tonk". The range was an open range and located in McLennan Co. The number of hosses that he had running on that range has slipped my mind, but it was over 1000. There were 15 hands employed all the year roud and sometimes extra hands was hired. The brand was the shape of a jewsharp, branded on the critter's jaw.

I landed at the outfit a real greener, as far as the work is concerned, in 1876 and hit "Tonk" up for a job. He eyed me up one side and down the tudder and sez:

"Have you worked on a hoss ranch?"

"No", sez I." But can ride 'em"

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"We need hoss handlers on this outfit, son, I am sorry I can't use You".

"Well, that took my feathers down and I sez to him:

"I have dragged clear from Beaumont way, to join your hoss outfit. Let me nest here I don't care what you pay me".

"Kid, you must hanker after hosses", he sez. "I hate to disappoint a kid so bent on being with the critters, so I'll see what you can do".

"I stayed on the outfit for five years and when I quit there I could ride a hoss with the best among the rawhides.

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"There were about 15 hands, all old rawhides, with the outfit and they took charge of me. They saw that I was shaped up a bunk and got me all set for work on a hoss ranch.

"I could not get to sleep that night for thinking about the morning when I would start out as a sure enough hossman. Morining come and we had chuck, as the boys sez, put the feed bag on. After chuck the top-screw showed me my string of five hosses that I would work with along with my own hoss that I had rode to the outfit. Blacky Smith, he was the top-screw, sez kid, "let your hoss rest and mount that black critter for today". I could tell by the glent in his eye that they were reckoning on some op'ra fun watching me ride that hoss. I felt sure of myself and was anxious to get straddle of the critter.

"We snubbed the hoss and I lit in the tree. Now, the saddles those days were not like the kind used now. They were not a great deal better than the bare back. Just as soon [?] hit that tree that hoss evelated high. It hawgrowed and sunperched for about a quarter mile, with me a-fanning its ears with my sombrero. When it settled down I jiggled back where the crew were watching me put on my act. I sez, "Blacky, I am ready to get going tell me

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what to do:. The ramrod was a-standing there too and him a busting a gut laughing at the top*screw and the others, because they got fooled on the greener kid's riding ability.

"The ramrod sez, "Kid you rode on of the pitchingest hosses that we are working in my [?]. You sure enough have a nest with my outfit. We'll make a real hoss wrangler out of you, and they did. 4 All them hossy-stinks took pain, from that morning on, to show me all the tricks they knew and in a month's time I was wrangling with the best of the outfit.

"The range was an open one and it was a prarie country, except for brush along the creeks. We had to keep riding the line fairly well to keep the criters from roming off too far. There was night riding to do, but it was not like riding with a bunch of cows. With hosses the stampeds is something waddies do not have to fret about. The animals will not stampede, except in extreme cases, such as a prairie fire or the likes.

"Hosses have the habit of grazing far into the night and dont bed down like cows. Long after mid-night they will lie down for a spell. Because of the nature of the hoss, it was not hard to keep the animals [?] at night. Two hands would work together and the night was split into two shifts.

"On the hoss ranch we hossy-stinks hit the bunks most every night, except at times when we went a distance hunting strays. Our hardest work was when we [?] to cut out a bunch, these wild critters could run and would give us a chase at times and some of them a hell of a chase. We would have to work in relays and wear them down to catch some of the stallions."

"I enjoyed the work and was [?] a great crew. All the hands were sociable fellows and made life interesting for each other.

"At night, sitting around the camp, there always was some one pulling something for amusement. The night of my 5 first day at the camp I was arrested. The hands had what they called a paririe-dog court. There was a sheriff, judge and the court's mouth-piece.

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There were a set of rules which they read to me all concerning the conduct around the camp and how we waddies should treat each other. There were fines for breaking the rules. I was charged with deciving the stinks, because I did not act like a greener and take a spill off the black hoss. I had a right to select someone to defend me. I selected Murray, because his name caused me to reckon that he would be able to talk and do a fair job of chinning in at my behalf. Those mouth-pieces, as they were called, stayed at it an hour arguing the case and hearing the evidence. To hear them waddies one would think that I had committed an awful crime. Of course I was found guilty and fined a round of drinks, to be paid the first time we dragged to town.

"Story telling and agitating the cat gut, also a little singing was other means of passing the time. Murry was one of the best story tellers in the bunch. He use to tell one that I have never forgot because it stuck me so funny. I will try and tell it as he did:

"I was working down near the Mexican border, for a cattle outfit several years ago. In that country there were a lot of javeline you could see them everywhere. They are liking unto our Texas wild hawg, but not worth a hoot for chuck, because their meat is as tough as a piece of rawhide. You can tell a javeline from a wild hawg by the fact that a javeline does not have a tail.

"One day a tenderfoot, from the East, dropped in with 6 lots of jack that he wanted to invest and hankered to put into critters.

"The tenderfoot and out [?], whose name was Murphy, agreed on a price for the critters and closed a deal and the tenderfoot was taking charge of the outfit and he noticed the large number of javeline nosing around. The animals were so plentiful that they were a nuisance. The tenderfoot sez to Murphy:

"Whom do all these hawgs belong to?"

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"The belong on this ranch, but I plumb forgot to prattle about the critters so I suppose that I will have to move the herd", Murphy sez to him.

"How many [ofethose?] critters are there on the place?"

"I reckon about 300. I do not bother about branding the critters with an iron, but just cut their tails off, that is my mark"

"What will you take for the herd," the greener asked.

"I don't know just what to ask. They are worth, perhaps, around \$2. What will you offer?"

"I'll give you \$1 a head and accept your word as to the number."

"Call it 200 and the deal is closed", the ramrod came back at the tenderfoots.

"Well, sir, he paid off and was happy over getting over 200 hawgs for \$200.

"We waddies were present while the deal was made, but kept our trap closed, because it was too good to bust and did not want to take the silver lining out of his cloud.

"A day or two after the deal was closed the new ramrod took a jiggle over the range to see what he had bought and when he returned he sez to us waddies:

"I surely made a good deal for those hawgs. I am sure I saw around 500 of the critters"

"Yes", we said, "Murphy never paid much attention to those animals". We waddies were hard put to keep our face from slipping, but stayed put on the matter.

"The greener was a sociable fellow and about a week later took a jiggle over to Mason's Ranch to get acquainted and do some chinning. At Mason's place he sees a lot of javeline and sez:

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"I see a lot of my hawgs on your range".

"What hawgs are you refering to?" asked Mason.

"Those with the tails off. These are mine, that is my hawg mark. I bought it from Murphy".

"Oh, I see, I have been wondering where them critters belong. I would be quite pleased to have you take the critters. I sure don't want your, stock".

"I'll see about getting the animals tomorrow", he promised.

"When the new ramrod returns to the ranch he told the top-screw to give us riding orders ordering those critters fitted from Mason's place over to his range.

"That was below the dignity of a cowhand so we all quit. I never did hear how the tenderfoot come out with the javeline. 8 "One other pleasant thing about the jewsharp outfit was the camp cook. We had a good one, "Dutch" Meyers took pride in his work. To get him doing extra touches all we had to do was swell him on his meals. He would raise like a boil and take extra pains fixing the chuck. Murry use to say, 'the belly-cheater became very arduous if you give him [?] [?] chinning.

"Dutch made some of th the best sour-dough bread I have ever ate. Bread, beans, stewed dried fruit, was what we lived on. The cooky would fix the beans different ways. He could fix a Boston baked dish of beans that was fitting to eat, also, fried pies out of the stewed fruit. When it comes to broiling steaks, "Dutch" had the nack down pat. He would get his camp fire hot slap the steaks into it for a minute, which seared them on the outside. Then he would pull the meat away and let it cook slowly. Of course the beef was off of a fat yearling a good meat to start off with.

"Some times when talking about the good beef we waddies had on a hoss range, people will ask me where we got the beef. The facts are, for the most part it was slowelk. The

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hoss men found beef on their range and cowmen found hosses on their range, so 'twas tit for tat.

“When we needed a yearling and saw one that looked like the kind we wanted, it would have been too much trouble to drag all over the range country hunting for the man that owner the brand. [?] way we hossy stinks had beef.

“After the first six months I did nothing but wrangle hosses. “Tonk” sold hosses all over the country. We would bust 9 a bunch than the crew would drift the herd to places where an order was to be filled.

“On the jewsharp range there was a mixture of hosses, saddle, work hosses and also jacks were breed.

“I wrangled many hosses in my day and never failed to bust one if it was not loco. I got a hold of a few loco animals and those animals would pitch until they were pitched down. When they gathered a little substance, away they would go again. If a wrangler stays with one of those critters long enough the animal would stay pitching until it was seloned and worthless. When we looped one of those critters and it threw its ears back, also turned its eyes inward until you could see nothing but the whites, then look out. As a rule it is a waste of time and the critter would brand you if it had a chance. If such critter puts you into a spill, you want to draw a gun the first thing, because 9 chances out of 10 it will coming a you and paw you to death.

“The regular Texas cow pony was bread from the original Spanish hoss and mixed. That critter could never be stopped from bucking at times. That critter could be genteled to where it would come to its rider when called, eat out of the riders hand, in fact, be a regular pet but had to pitch at times just to be pitching.

“My way of wrangling was the short route. After the hoss was roped and saddled I would mount in and start fanning its ears with the first jump. If a wrangler keeps a-fanning a

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critter it will get discouraged a quit pitching sooner than if you lay off of its ears. 10 "I rode any of the piching animals and had the reputation for being the top rider of that section. What [?] my reputation was because I rode a hoss one day in McGregor that had a notch in its tail. In the forenoon of the day the hoss had pitched a nigger, Tom was his name, and Tom was a top rider. He went into a spill and the fall killed him, because he fill so hard he had his neck broke. I saw the hoss pitching and I reckoned that I could ride the animal. I told the crowd that the hoss could be busted and they dared me to ride it.

"As a rule a hoss will be more stubborn after it has put out a rider on the ground. So I expected some real pitching and got it. That animal rocked and jared my fins a-plenty. I mounted and at once began to fan the critters ears with my sombrero. If one knows how to handle a sombrero you can sting the ears a-plenty. That hoss pitched with me until we were a mile from where we started. He had real hump and I could not see head or tail, but I was reaching its ears with my sombrero every landing. The critter finally decided that it was fighting a lost cause and settled down. That act gave me a top standing in that section.

"After a spell of five years on the jewsharp outfit I quit and dragged out to Shakelford Co, and joined up with Hardy Roberst's hoss outfit. His brand was the letter R. I nested there there for two years. I don't know how many hosses he had. They were all over that section and when we wanted any we just cut the number out of the herd.

"I wrangled there and the work was about the same as on the jewsharp. About the only differences was we had to watch our 11 gentled stock close against Indian rustlers. The would rustle hosses if they had a change, but we never lost any that we knew of.

"The best rider that I have ever watched on a hoss was a negro named Bob Sanders. A hoss just coundn't put that nigger off the leather and Bob could play while the hoss was doing its best. There is where Bob had the best of me. I had to tend to my knetting while he could do funny work. However, I saw him leave the leather one time. It was after a

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heavy rain and the creek was up. Bob was busting a wild critter near a sheer bank and that critter was acting loco. It was evelating plenty high and sunperching. The animal went up one [?] and when it came down it was over the edge of the bank and landed in the water, Bob quit the critter pronto and swam for shore.

“After I quit the Robert's outfit I dragged back to the McLennan Co. section and joined up with the McDermott cattle outfit, whos brand was MD. The outfit was a good size ranch and we lived with the chuck wagon most of the time. We were supplied with the same kind of chuck as was furnished on the hoss outfits.

“There was a good crew of boys with the outfit. John Goodie, Bob Smith my brother Bob and others I can't think of the names. We drove a lot of cattle to Young Co, where the same outfit had another range.

“While on one of the drives I saw and worked one of the worst stampeds that I ever witnessed. We were about 20 miles away from our home range the first night. We had drifted and critters hard as usual the first day to get the animals a good 12 distance from the home range. The weather was quiet with lots of stars in the sky and we could see quite pert. The critters were bedded down and all looking peaceful. I was on the first night riding shift and was feeling real sociable about how pretty everything was shaped up.

“Suddingly I heard a critter snort and sez, 'trouble is sure a-coming'. I had no idea that it was going to be like it was. As a rule on a clear quiet night it is easy to get the animals put into milling and than stop moving. With that snort 500 critters jumped to there feet and were off like a bunch of race hosses. Those animals acted plumb loco. I saw critters run into trees and be knocked down and be stomped to death. They were running so fast and would not stop for anything. It was either them or the object. If a rider went down he sure [?] would be buzzard food.

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"When it was over with we had lost so many, some being stomped and others strayed, that a party of waddies had to go back to the range and get some more critters.

"The snort of that one cow put the scare into those critters. What it said with that snort is hard to tell, but it must have been plenty. Now it may have been scared by some varmine. There was lots of wolves in that country then and it may have been a wolf that run into the herd. Anyway all that we know about what started the herd was the snort of that old cow.

"Hunting wolves was one of our pass-times. The ramrod 13 had wolf hounds and some of the waddies also owned hounds. When we had time we would hunt wolves and bet on each others hound. Those hounds knew their wolf business and I have seen some pert fights. No one hound would be able to best a lobo, but two or more would team up on one. While one dog was after the wolf from one side a hound would come in from the oposite side and in that method would slash the wolf until it was down. Quite often we would shoot the wolf before the fight was over to save the dogs, but not until after wolf was about in. We wanted to see all the scrapping we could.

"After about 18 months with the outfit I quit and went to my old love the hoss ranch. I joined the Bonham outfit owned by [?]. It was like the other hoss outfits and nothing unsual happened there.

"It was not a large outfit and the hands consisted of June, Bud, Bob and Frank Mason, sons of the ramrod. Then there was Jim Patterson and myself as steady hands. After a year or so with the Mason outfit I quit so that I could get married.

"Among all the waddies I worked with and seen do their stuff, the best rider was nigger Bob Sanders. Booger Red was the best roper with Sandy Smith, on the Roberts outfit, right next to him. I never saw him miss, or a critter hornswoggle him. Now in the shooting line there were so many good shots I can't say which was the best.

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"Just one more story about roping that Sandy Smith told us waddies while sitting around the camp one night and 14 that will end my chatter. He sez:

"While rattling about roping one night sitting in the bunkhouse of an outfit up in Colo, I was telling the waddies that I could rope any animal that walk on two or four feet. Now, as you know roping a critter means to a cowhand that you not only loop it but control the animal

"One of the crew spoke up and sez, 'Smith I'll put up some jack that you can't rope a grizzle bear'".

"I thought for a moment and then sez: 'How much jack do you want to put up to sez that I can't?'"

"He came back at me and sez, ' 25 bucks of Uncle Sam's money'".

"I took the bet and had it rit out on paper, that Smith bets \$25 that he can put the loop on a grizzle bear and control it"

"Now, as all persons know that has any acquaintance with the grizzle no human side of hell can rope and take control of a grizzle beer. Tis said that for or five waddies can do the job. So the boys thought that I had gone loco and they were thinking rig t, except for one part of the bet.

"In the mountain section of that country ggrizzle bear were not hard to fine. After the bet had been set on paper we all, started out to find the bear and that did not take us long and I went in to do my stuff.

"I rode up to roping distance and the bear was running trying to get away. I put the loop on it and it then saw that it was cornered, which caused the bear to change its mind. That 16 critter made for me quicker than a flash of sky-fire. Of course you boys know that I did not dare to start the horse because the bear would pull the horse instead of the pulling

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the bear down. It had the rope in one paw and its teeth cleared for action. Again you know what power the bear has in its front legs. I guess the boys watching were saying there goes Smith to the eternal range. Well, I just pulled my .44 and put two shots into the bear's head hitting it between the eyes. I then rode up to the crowd end sez 'boys there is the bear all roped and under my control.

"They all looked sort of cheap and said tht 'hereafter they would get a lawyer to rit the bet understanding made with me". 1 Folk [?] — Range lore

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FC 29 Three version

Avery N. Barrow, 77, 3011 E. Runnels St., Ft. Worth, born Mar. 1, 1960, at [?] Co., Tex. From infancy he was reared at Beaumont, Tex., where his father operated a ferry-boat on the Sabine River. During childhood Avery came in contact with cattlemen and developed a desire for work connected with horsemanship. At 16 he was a good rider and worked an the Tonk Baker horse ranch in McLennan Co. After 5 years he went to Hardy Roberts horse ranch in Shackelford Co. for two years and then a year on the McDermott cattle ranch.

"I have lived In Texas all my life and the early part of it after I was 16 years old I earned my chuck and bunk on the range. The year following my birth in Jasper Co., my father moved to Beaumont and operated a ferry-boat on the Sabin River. There were a lot of cow and hoss outfits in that country then and I naturally seen lots of the critters and cowhands. The

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"When the new ramrod returns to the ranch he told the top-screw to give us riding orders on those critters fetched from Mason's place over to his range. That was below the dignity of a cowhand so we all quit. I never did hear how the tenderfoot came out with the javelin.

"One other pleasant thing about the Jewsharp outfit was the camp cook. We had a good one Dutch [?] took pride in his work. To get him doing extra touches all we had to do was swell him on his meals. He would raise like a boil and take extra pains fixing the chuck. Murray used to say, "The belly-cheater became very arduous if you give him fair chinning." Dutch made some of the best sour-dough bread I have ever ate. Bread, beans, stewed dried fruit, was what we lived on. The cooky would fix the beans different ways. He could fix a Boston baked dish of beans that was fitting to eat, also fried pies out of stewed fruit. When it comes to [?] steaks Dutch had the knack of it. He would get his camp fire hot and slap the steaks into it for a minute which seared them on the outside. Then he would pull the meat away and let it soak slowly. Of course the beef was off a fat yearling and good meat to start with.

"Sometimes when talking about the good beef we waddies had on a hoss range people will ask me where we got the beef. The facts are for the most part it was slowelk. The hoss men found beef an their range and cowmen found hosses on their range so 'twas tit for tat. When we needed a yearling and saw one that looked like the kind we wanted it would have been too much trouble to drag all over the range country hunting for the man that owned the brand. Anyway we hossy stinks had 7 "After the first six months I did nothing but wrangle hosses. Tonk sold hosses all over the country. We would bust a bunch then the crew would drift the herd to places where an order was to be filled. On the Jewsharp range there was a mixture of hosses, saddle, work and also jacks were bred. I wrangled many hosses in my day and never failed to bust one if it was not loco. I got hold of a few loco animals and those would pitch until they were pitched down. When they gathered a little substance away they would pitch again. If a wrangler stays with one of those critters long enough it would stay pitching until it was saloned and worthless. When we looped one

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of those critters and it threw its ears back also turned its eyes inward until you could see nothing but the whites then look out. As a rule it was a waste of time and the critter would brand you if it got the chance. If such critter puts you into a spill you want to drag a gun the first thing because 9 chances to 10 it will be coming at you and paw you to death.

“The regular Texas cowpony was breed from the original Spanish hoss and mixed. That critter could never be stopped from bucking at times. It could be gentled to where it would come to its rider when called, eat out of the hand, in fact, be a regular pet but had to pitch at times just to be pitching.

“My way of wrangling was the short route. After the hoss was roped and saddled I would mount it and start fanning its ears with the first jump. If a wrangler keeps fanning a critter it will get discouraged and quit pitching sooner than if you lay off of its ears.

“I rode any of the pitching animals and had the reputation of being the top rider in that section. What cinched my rep was because I rode a hoss one day in McGregor that had a nigger named Tom down and Tom was a top rider. He went into a spill and the fall killed him because he fell so hard he had his neck broke. I saw the hoss pitching 8 and I reckoned that I could ride the animal. I told the crowd that the hoss could be busted and they dared me to ride it.

“As a rule a hoss will be more stubborn after it has put a rider on the ground. So I expected some real pitching and got it. That animal rocked and jared my fins plenty. I mounted and at ounce began to fan the critter's ears with my sombrero. If one knows how to handle a sombrero you can sting the ears plenty. That hose pitched with me until we were a mile from where we've started. He had a real hump and I could not see the head or tail, but I was reaching its ears with my sombrero every landing. The critter finally decided that it was fighting a lost cause and settled down. That act gave me a top standing in that section.

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"After a spell of 5 years an the Jewsharp outfit I quit and dragged out to Shackleford Co. and joined up with Hardy Robert's hoss outfit. His brand was the letter R. I nested there for two years. I don't know how many hosses he had, they were all over that section and when we wanted any we just cut the number out of the herd. I wrangled there and the work as about the same as on the Jewsharp. About the only difference was we had to watch out gentled stock against Indian rustlers. They would rustle hosses if they had a chance but we never lost any that we knew of.

"The best rider that I ever watched on a hoss was a negro named Bob Sanders. A hoss just couldn't put that nigger off the leather and Bob could play while the hoss was doing it best. There is where Bob had me bested. I had to tend to my knitting while he could do funny work. However I saw him leave the leather one time. It was after a heavy rain and the creek was up. Bob was busting a wold critter near a sheer bank and that critter was acting loco. It was elevating plenty high and sunperching. The animal went up one time and when it came down 9 it was over the edge of the bank and landed in the water. Bob quit the critter pronto and swam for shore.

"After I quit the Robert's outfit I dragged back to the McLennan Co. section and joined up with the McDermott cattle outfit whose brand was MD. The outfit was a good size ranch and we lived with the chuck wagon most of the time. We were supplied with the some kind of chuck as was furnrished with the hoss outfits. There was a good crew of boys with the outfit. John Goodie, my brother Bob and Bob Smith and others I can't think of right now. We drove a [?] of cattle to Young Co. where the same outfit hand another range.

"While on one of the drives I saw and worked one of the worst stampedes that I ever witnessed. We were about 20 miles away from our home range the first night. We had drifted the critters hard as usual the first day to get them a good distance from the home range. The weather was quiet with lots of stars in the sky and we could see quite part. The

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critters were bedded down and all looking peaceful. I was on the first night riding and was feeling real sociable about how pretty everything was shaped up.

“Suddenly I heard a critter snort and sez trouble is sure coming. I had no idea that it was going to be like it was. As a rule on a clear quiet night it is easy to get the animals put into milling and the stop moving. With that snort [?] critters jumped to their feet and were off like a bunch of race hosses. Those animals acted plumb loco. I saw critters run into trees and be knocked down and be stomped to death. They were running so fast and would not stop for anything. It was either them or the object. If a rider went down he sure would be buzzard food. When it was over we had lost so many, some being stomped and others strayed that a party of waddies had to go back to the range and get some more critters. 10

“The snort of that one cow put the scare into those critters. What it said with that snort is hard to tell but it must have been plenty. Now it may have been scared by some varmin. There was lots of wolves in that country then and it may have been wolf that run into the herd. Anyway all that we know about what started the herd was the snort of that old cow. Hunting wolves was one of our pastimes. The ramrod had wolf hounds and some of the waddies also owned hounds. When we had time we would hunt wolves and bet an each others hounds. Those hounds knew their wolf business and I have seen some pert fights. No one hound would be able to to beat a lobo but two or more would team up on one. While one dog was after the wolf from one side a hound would come in from the opposite side and in that method would slash the wolf until it was down. Quite often we would shoot the wolf before the fight was over to save the dogs but not until after the wolf was about in. We wanted to see all the scrapping we could.

“After about 18 months with the outfit I quit and went to my old love the hoss ranch. I joined the [?] outfit owned by Mason. It was like the other hose outfits and nothing unusual happened there. It was not a large outfit and the hands consisted of June, Bud, Bob and Frank Mason, sons of the ramrod, Jim Patterson and myself as steady hands. After a year or so with the Mason outfit I quit to get married.

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"Among all the waddles I worked with and seen do their stuff the best rider was nigger Bob Sanders. Booger Red was the best roper with Sandy Smith of the Robert's outfit right next to him. I never saw him, miss or a critter hornswoggle him. Now in the shooting line there were so many good shots I cant' say which was the best.

"Just one more story about roping that Sandy Smith told us waddies while sitting around the camp one night and that will end my chatter. 11 Sez he: "'While rattling about roping one night sitting in the bunkhouse of an outfit up in Colo. I was telling the waddies that I could rope any animal that walks an two or four feet. Now as you know roping a critter means to a cowhand that you not only loop it but control the animal.

"One of the crew spoke up and sez: 'Smith I'll put up some jack that you can't rope a grizzly bear.'

"I thought for a moment and then sez: 'How much jack do you want to put up to sez that I can't?'

"He came back at me and sez, 'Twenty-five bucks of Uncle Sam's money.'

"I took the bet and had it rit out on paper that 'Smith bets \$25. that he can put the loop on a grizzly bear and control it.'

Now all persons that has any acquaintance with the grizzly know no human this side of hell can rope and take control of a grizzly bear. 'Tis said that four or five waddies can do the job. So the boys thought that I had gone loco and they were thinking right except for one part of the bet. In the mountain section of that country grizzly bears were not hard to find. After the bet had been set on paper we all started out to find the bear and that did not take us long and I went in to do my stuff. I rode up to roping distance and the bear was running trying to got away. I put the loop on it and it then saw that it was cornered which cause the bear to change its mind. That critter made for me quicker than a flash of sky-fire. Of course you know that I did not dare to start the horse because the bear would pull

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the hoss instead of pulling the bear down. It had the rope in one paw and its teeth cleared far action. Again you know what power the bear has in its front legs. I guess the boys watching were saying there goes Smith to the eternal range. I just pulled out my 44 and put two shot into 12 the bear's head hitting it between the eyes. I then rode up to the crowd and sez, 'Boys there is the bear all roped and under my control.'

"They all looked sort of cheap and said that hereafter they would get a lawyer to rit the bet understanding made with me.